

The Mirror

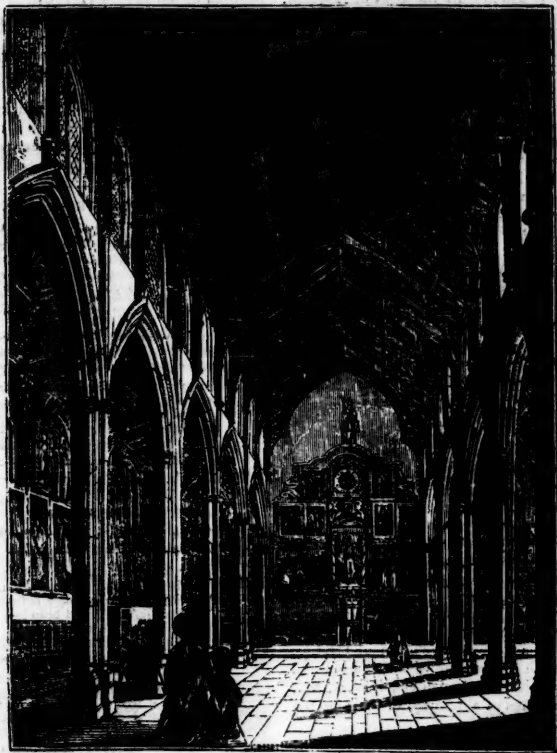
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 936.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16 1839.

[Price 2d.]



ST. ANDREW'S HALL, NORWICH.

Is a neat, grand, and beautiful building; the six pillars on each side which support the nave, are very uniform, being covered with lead; it is about fifty yards long, and thirty wide, the two aisles are of the same length with the nave, each being exactly half as wide as the nave is. There are fourteen upper windows, and six lower ones, on a side; and the whole was new paved in 1646. It hath been used as an Exchange, for the merchants and tradesmen to meet in, but that is now disused. The assizes for the city are held here, and the mayor's feasts, &c.

Formerly, all the several companies of tradesmen held their feasts here, and several

of them had the arms of their companies put up, some of which still remain. The Courts of Conscience, of the Guardians of the Poor, &c., are constantly held here.

This noble fabric was built by Sir Thomas Erpingham, Knt,* and his arms, carved in freestone, remain between every window of the nave on the outside; he died in 1428;

* Sir Thomas Erpingham was knight of the garter, temp. Henry IV. and Lord Warlen of the Cinque Ports, in the reign of Henry V. He distinguished himself at the battle of Agincourt, and built the beautiful gate facing the western end of the Cathedral, which is still called Erpingham Gate. He lies buried in the Cathedral, together with his two wives.

before it was completely finished; but the glazing, &c., was continued by Sir Rob. de Erpingham, his son, rector of Brakene, a friar, whose arms were in the late fine-painted glass windows, all of which are demolished, except the six most western ones in the nave. In the west window are the arms of England, and those of the Prince of Wales. At the upper end of the aisle was formerly an altar of St. Barbara, which, before 1459, was enclosed in a neat chapel there, made by Ralf Skeet, from whom it was afterwards called Skeet's Chapel; and opposite was another chapel, on the S. aisle, the altar of which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and in the nave at the upper end, stood the Great Rood, with the altar of the Holy Cross, before which Holy Rood Guild was kept.

At the east end is a clock, with the effigies of Justice at the top, and the arms of England carved beneath; on the right hand, is a picture of Queen Anne; and opposite, another of Prince George, her son; both given by St. George's Company.

On the right hand also is the Earl of Orford at length, in his robes; and this under him—"The Right Hon^{ble}. Robert Earl of Orford, presented this portrait to the Constitution Club, 1743."

At his right hand, is,

The portrait of the Right Hon. Horatio Walpole, Esq., member of parliament for this city; presented by himself, A.D. 1741.

On the south side, opposite to the Earl of Orford, is,

A portrait, in his robes, of John Lord Hobart, lord-lieutenant of this county; who presented it to the corporation in 1743.

By him, in a black coat, with a sword by his side, is,

A portrait of Thomas Vere, Esq., member of parliament for this city, and mayor, 1735; presented by a society of gentlemen, 1736.

In the north aisle are the Weaver's arms, and other companies, as Carpenters, Bakers, &c., and two pictures of aldermen, in their proper habit, viz.

Robert Marsh, Esq., mayor, 1731; being alderman of the Grocer's Company, was presented by them, 1732.

Francis Arnau, Esq., mayor; also presented by the Grocer's Company, 1732.

In the south aisle, beginning at the east end, are the following portraits, viz.

William Clarke, Esq., mayor, 1739, (in his proper habit;) presented by a society of gentlemen, 1740.

Timothy Balderstone, Esq., mayor, 1736, and captain of the Hon. Artillery Company, (in his regimentals,) by whom this picture was presented, 1736.

Benjamin Nuthall, Esq., mayor, 1721, (in his proper habit;) presented by a society of gentlemen, 1738.

In gratitude to William Wigget, Esq.,

mayor, the citizens presented this portrait, 1743. He is in his proper habit.

Thomas Emerson, who, in 1739, gave two gold chains, to be worn by the sheriffs of this city, for a perpetual memorial of which generosity, this picture was presented by the corporation of the city, A.D. 1741.

Over the south door is a portrait, in his proper habit, of

Thomas Harwood, Esq., mayor, 1728.—*Vide Blomefield's History of the City and County of Norwich, 1745.*

[We are indebted to Mr. Musket for the view at the head of this article: it is from one of a set of four beautifully-executed views of Norwich and its vicinity.]

LINES

TO MY BOY PLAYING WITH MY WATCH.

When time shall no longer be noted by me,
That watch, my dear infant, may note it to thee:
And, oh! may those hours, as onward they roll,
Bring peace to thy bosom, and joy to thy soul!
May the dawn of each morning that breaks on thine eyes
Arouse thy devotion, in prayer to the skies;
And as evening shall close o'er thy beautiful head,
May a band of the angels be guards of thy bed.
And gentle by nature, and harmless in life,
Thy years passing on without turmoil or strife,
When thy spirit shall bow to the summons divine,
May'st thou enter Eternity, honoured by time!

C. S.

THE BETRAYED.

BY ANDREW PARK;

Author of "the Bridegroom and the Bride,"—"The Vision of Maalkind," &c. &c. &c.

I saw her cheek grow pale with grief,

Her thoughtful eye grow dim,

And melting sorrow drop relief

From off its fringed brim!—

I saw her snowy bosom swell

With fond sensation high,

And heard its pulse too plainly tell

Her grief in each reply!

Yet she was silent in her love,

And strived to hide the flame;

Though oft she cast her eyes above,

As if she breathed his name:

And then she gazed in deepest thought,

As one who views despair;

For anguish in her bosom wrought

Its wildest workings there!

No smile lit her transparent face;

No hue sat on her brow.

The only feeling left to trace,

Bespoke a broken vow.

Yet in her sad forsaken eye,

A beacon's lingering ray,

Show'd how a soul of purity

Possessed that frame of clay!

The vital spark was flying

With each sigh the bosom gave;

The eye's soft light was dying,

As the foam upon the wave.

And her end came as the balmy sleep

Of one who breathes repose;

When slumbers throw a silence deep,

O'er her oblivious woes!

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE.*

LIFE depends on certain conditions; and these conditions depend on a certain arrangement of substances; which arrangement is called "organization." In an organ we observe, first, a peculiar arrangement; and, secondly, a specific function performed by it. The body is an aggregate of organs, formed of various textures; each texture being more or less common to all the organs. The textures, or tissues, are bone, cartilage, ligaments, muscles, tendons, vessels, and nervous matter. There is no solid, even in the most perfect animal, which cannot be ranged under one of these heads; and they are all reducible to the cellular, the muscular, and the nervous. The cellular is the most simple, and the most abundant; for the enamel of the teeth is said to be the only solid in the body, in which it has not been discovered. If all the earthy part of the bones, all the muscular fibre, all the fat, &c., were removed from the body, the latter would still retain its general shape, if the cellular tissue were left; whence the latter may be considered as the basis of the whole. It is composed of an infinite number of small globules, about the eight-thousandth part of an inch in diameter; and arranged in lines, which cross each other in every direction. The muscular tissue is arranged in two different modes:—in masses, and in membranous expansions, or muscular coats; but there is no essential difference between them. The muscular tissue is formed of filaments, which compose fibres, which (in their turn) are made up into fasciculi;—each filament (which is the smallest division) having an investment of cellular membrane. By the microscope, the muscular tissue, like the cellular, is found to be composed of globules; as are also many of the animal fluids.

With regard to the structure of *vegetables*, our information is less satisfactory. The study is in its infancy; and no two authors agree respecting it. They are furnished with fibres, vessels, &c.; and appear to be composed of globules. For further information, we may refer to a series of articles on Botany, in our last volume. In *animals*, the globules vary in different species, and even in different parts of the same animal. The elementary particles of *inorganic* matter are found to be angular. Even water and mercury, when in a state of crystallization, exhibit an angular form. Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, found that small particles of inorganic matter, put into water, moved about like infusory animals; from which it has been concluded, by speculative men, that organic and inorganic matters are of the same description. Some say that

these particles, floating in the water, are round; but this form is adventitious;—being produced by the trituration in the mortar; for if the substance be only broken with a hammer, the particles are found to be angular. If you pour an acid, or salt, or laudanum, into the water, no effect is produced on the motion of these inorganic particles; but if infusory animals be so treated, their motion is quickened at first, but they are soon killed. The cause of this motion of inorganic particles, has not been ascertained in all cases; but in some it is owing to currents in the water; in others, to the attraction of different particles for each other; and in others it is apparently magnetic, or electrical.

Animals are divided into two great classes; those *without* an internal skeleton,—called *invertebrated* animals; and those *with* an internal skeleton,—called *vertebrated* (from *vertebrae*,—the bones of which the spine is composed). The *invertebrated* animals are subdivided into the following classes:—1. *Zoophytes*. These stand at the bottom of the scale; and include corals, sea-eggs, infusory animals, &c. They have a stomach, something which resembles a nervous system, and an imperfect apparatus for the circulation of the fluids;—that is, "imperfect," when judged by the standard of higher animals; but quite complete as regards their own organization. Corals are produced by polypi; which have numerous genera and species. Near Edinburgh there are limestone filled with corals, though the latter live only in tropical climates; from which, and from many analogous facts, it is evident that our climate must once have been tropical. 2. *Articulata*. These animals are so called from having their body and limbs variously jointed; as the *beetle*, &c. Similar animals are found in the sea; as the *sea-mouse*, &c. 3. *Mollusca*. The animals comprised in this division are so called from their being generally very soft. All animals furnished with shells, whether they inhabit the land or the water, belong to this class; such as *snails*, *muscles*, *oysters*, the *cuttle-fish*, &c. Shells are either univalve, bivalve, or multivalve; and their study constitutes the science of conchology.

The *vertebrated* animals consist of four classes. 1. *Pisces*, or fishes; including all animals which breathe by gills; and excluding what we call "shell-fish." Whales, and animals of that tribe, are also excluded; for they are not fish, but breathe by lungs; and, instead of spawning, bring forth their young alive. 2. *Amphibia*; including all animals that can live both in water and in air; as crocodiles, turtles, tortoises, serpents, frogs, lizards, &c. 3. *Aves*, or birds. 4. *Mammalia*; comprising all animals which suckle their young; and including, therefore,

* Concluded from page 88.

whales, dolphins, porpoises, &c. The mammalia stand at the summit of the zoological series; and man stands at the head of the mammalia;—having only one genus, and one species; but divided into races, sub-races, families, and varieties. The ape is considered to come nearest to man in perfection of structure.

Animals, like plants, are found in all parts of the globe; except in tracts which are always covered with snow. Above the snow-line, animals and plants are not found; and their number increases as we descend from this. It is supposed that, below a certain depth from the surface, both the land and the sea are destitute of living creatures. There are sandy tracts on the surface of the earth, in which animals and plants are very rare; and the same state of things occurs near volcanoes; for it is often centuries before streams of lava admit of vegetation; and before that time no animals can exist on them. Animals are most abundant under the equator; and lessen in number towards the poles. In the latter situation, their tints are most simple; being often white. The hare and the ptarmigan are quite white in the arctic regions; and hawks are sometimes found white below, and black above. The Museum in the University of Edinburgh contains a white hare, which was killed by Captain Parry, in 82° north latitude;—the highest point which had then been reached by man. Tropical birds have very beautiful plumage; and one bird found in temperate regions (the kingfisher) resembles them.

With respect to the *size* of animals, there is great diversity;—from the whale, which is sometimes nearly a hundred feet long, down to animals so small, that five millions would not fill a cubic line;* or of which (as it has been otherwise expressed) hundreds might play on the point of a pin. It would require eight hundred millions of these to fill a cubic inch; and nine hundred billions to fill a cubic foot. All water contains these animals. In general, the largest animals are found in the warmest countries, whether on the land, or in the sea; but the whale is a well-known exception to this rule. N. R.

* A "line" is a convenient measure, much used by the French. It is the twelfth part of an inch.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

A French School.

THE continual minor annoyances and ludicrous mistakes to which our knowledge of school, French perpetually subjected us, induced us to think about some means of acquiring the language, not as we learn it in England, but as they speak it in France. We applied to several friends, touching the best

means of attaining this end, and every body said, "Go into a school for a short time, it is your only way." Thinking of the old adage, which teaches us, what every one says must be right, we accordingly made up our minds to become a schoolboy once more, and started one morning in quest of an "institution" likely to suit our purpose. We called at several, but none had the least idea of what a parlour-boarder meant, at least, in our sense of the word; and after splitting our boots to pieces in running up and down the Rue D'Enfer, (whose miserably unpaved state entirely contradicts the statement, that the "descentus Averni" is so easy, and shows Virgil had not Paris in his eye when he wrote the *Æneid*), we at length settled with one in the Faubourg St. Jacques, where we stipulated to have a bedroom to ourselves, to dine with the principal, and to be instructed in the French language, for one hundred francs per month. Now, we had three reasons for going here. Firstly, it was cheap; secondly, it was near the Barrière Mont Parnasse, to whose amusement on fête days we had a great predilection; and, lastly, (we blush to own our cowardice) the *élèves* were all "small boys," whom we could thrash into subjection, if they were impudent, or halloo'd after us, "*Rosbif Anglais*," "*Goddem*," or any other entertaining polyglot witticisms, that the said "small boys" of Paris, there called *gamins*, were apt to indulge in at our expense.

It was a wet dirty day, in the beginning of November, that we left our lodgings at the Hotel Corneille, Place de l'Odéon, and hiring a porter at the corner of the Rue Racine, paddled up the never-ending, and always dirty, Rue St. Jacques, to our new abode. On arriving, we entered the great gates, with which all French schools are embellished, and immediately carried our effects to our bedroom, which was a closet with a tiled floor, about eight feet square, and whose sole furniture was comprised in a little wooden bedstead without curtains, a deal chair, and a corresponding table, on which was a pie-dish to wash in, and a pint white jug for water. Had we been astronomers, the room would have had many advantages, since it was ingeniously lighted by a window in the ceiling, which, in fine weather, illuminated our chamber very well, but in the event of a heavy fall of snow, left us nearly in total darkness. It was late in the evening when we arrived, so we went to bed at once, supplying the want of sufficient bed-furniture by an English great-coat spread over the counterpane, and a carpet-bag, emptied of its contents, made a sort of mat to lay on the ground, and stand upon while we undressed.

Long before daylight the next morning we were aroused from our slumbers by a bell ringing, to summon the poor devils of *élèves* to the commencement of their studies. We

heard much yawning and scrambling after clothes, and then a silent and measured step as the usher assembled them, two and two, to march down stairs to school. About seven, the cook of the establishment, a dirty fellow, in a dirty white night-cap, brought us a cup of milk and a piece of bread, which we were informed was to be our *first* breakfast, the other was at half-past eleven. Unfortunately for us, we always had a great aversion to bread and milk—we think it is neither one thing nor the other, and appears to hold an intermediate rank between tea and water. Although we remembered in our infancy to have possessed a book of nursery rhymes, written by some anonymous poet of the dark ages, of infantile literature, where there was a picture of a little child, with very curly hair, dragging a respectable female, who looked something between a Sunday-school teacher and a barmaid, towards a cow feeding in a romantic meadow; and, moreover, some lines, which commenced, as far as our memory serves us:

"Thank you, pretty cow, that made,
Pleasant milk to soak my bread;"

and followed by some well-founded cautions to the animal not to chew hemlock and other rank weeds; still, we repeat, in spite of all these associations, we do not like bread and milk. Accordingly, when we found this was all we were to be allowed before noon, we were out of temper, and getting up very cross, we scuntered down into the playground to inspect our new residence. The reader must imagine a large court, enclosed on three sides by buildings and walls, and on the fourth by some palings communicating with the garden. The edifices on the right hand were divided into numerous little cells, each having a door, and those were dignified by titles placed over the said doors. The first was called, "*Salle de musique*," and, in consequence, was fitted up with a cistern and leaden trough, where the *élèves* performed their morning ablutions, when there happened to be any water. Next to this, was the "*Salle du dessin*," or drawing academy, and some empty easels, with a very rickety form or two, showed a great deal went on there. Then came the "*classe*," or school-room, where the *élèves* studied under the surveillance of two ushers, who ordained a rigid silence amongst their pupils, save and except such times as the said ushers were on duty as national guards. On the other side the court was the dwelling-house and bed-rooms, with the "*refectoire*" of the pupils, where they fed; and in the middle of the playground, which, from having two trees in it, was denominated the *park*, were divers gymnastic poles and bars, and a deep well, which supplied the establishment with water, when anybody was at leisure to wind it up—an operation of half an hour. We were tolerably hungry by eleven o'clock, and were not sorry

to hear the bell for the boys' breakfast, as we knew ours came after. The pupils silently marched two and two into their room, and took their places at two long tables, where each boy had a fork, cup, and napkin laid for him—table-cloths and knives were unknown. An allowance of *potage*, seemingly composed of cabbage-water, and bits of bread, was first served out to each; after that they had some *vin ordinaire* and water, but such wine—the only thing we could compare it to, was ink and small beer mixed together; and when this was well diluted with water, we could imagine how delicious it was. A course of boiled spinach came next, and the breakfast concluded by a dab of currant jam being distributed to each, which was eaten with their bread, of which, however, there was an unlimited supply. This meal was repeated at five o'clock, with such agreeable variations as the taste of the cook directed; but beyond small pieces of hard boiled beef, and little bits of calf's liver, we did not see much meat. Potatoe sallads, cold artichokes, boiled lentils, and sorrel soup, appeared to be the staple articles of refreshment. The meals which we partook with the master and his family were about the same standard, except that the wine was superior, and some *cotelettes* of mutton and veal were occasionally displayed. The *élèves* themselves had none of the spirit of English school-boys, and indeed it was not to be wondered at. We could not help often contrasting the waxy mess they were eating to the wholemeat roast and boiled joints of our schools. They appeared to have no regular games or toys of their own, and all their play-time was spent in running after one another, with no other end than we could perceive but to warm themselves, for although the weather was desperately cold, there were no fires, or even fire-places in several of the rooms. They never inflicted corporal punishment, but offenders were ordered to stand against a particular tree for half an hour, or be deprived of a dish at dinner. We thought it would have had a better effect, to thrash them well, and feed them well.

As we may imagine, from their early rising, they were generally pretty well fatigued at night, and they were always in a deep sleep when we went to bed. As the way to our chamber lay through that of the *élèves*, we had frequent opportunities of inspecting it. It was a large bare room, with the beds arranged round it, and down the middle, like Roux's ward, at the Hôtel Dieu, only the beds had no curtains. Some of the boys had little round mats by the beds to stand upon, but the majority, who could not afford to *hire* these luxuries of the master of the school, had the gratification of planting their naked feet on a tiled floor every morning. A dim and solitary lamp burnt all night in the chamber, barely lighting its extreme end; not an article of furniture but the beds themselves,

and one chair for the usher, was in the room, and the windows all closed with that unattractive irreconcilability which is only known to the windows of the Continent.

We contrived to get through a month at our institution, and then we left. We had, it is true, picked up a good deal of French, but in point of expense, it had not saved us much, for—the truth must out—we never got enough to eat, and in consequence, generally dined again at the nearest *restaurant*; nay, more than once we detected ourselves eating broiled herrings at a wine-shop outside the *Barrière d'Arcueil*. 110 KNIPS.

THE SEDUCER.

PIERRE MARCEL was the cultivator of a small but profitable vineyard, on the banks of the Garonne, a few leagues from Toulon, where the principal part of his life had been passed in the almost daily occupation of tending his vines, and rendering his little plot of ground the fairest for many a mile around. In early life his wife, whom he had passionately adored, had fallen the victim of a lingering illness, leaving him an only child, a daughter, whom he cherished both for its own and mother's sake, with unusual tenderness. The little Louise was the solace of his days, and the prattle of her infant tongue sounded to him the sweetest music nature could invent; but when her growing years gave token of equalling her mother's beauty and symmetry of form, his satisfaction was unbounded to think that he alone, without a mother's fostering hand, had reared a flower so lovely. Oft, when working in his vineyard, would he pause as his daughter tript by with fawn-like step, and gaze with true affection on his heart's dearest object, whilst in his mind he conjured up bright dreams of the future, and tried to trace her coming years.

A short distance from Marcel's house was the chateau of the Marquis de St. Brie, who was usually resident there with his daughter. The family of the Marquis consisted only of his daughter and a son, an officer in a light cavalry regiment. A friendship more strong than those usually subsisting between persons of different stations in life, had grown up between Louise and Emile de St. Brie; and it had been one of the chief amusements of the latter to instruct Louise in those accomplishments she herself so much excelled in, often remarking, that her pupil was so apt that she should soon have little left to teach her.

The notice taken of his daughter by M^{lle} de St. Brie, was most gratifying to the feelings of Marcel, who daily saw her gaining those accomplishments he so much coveted for her, but which he had feared he should be unable to obtain. But few pleasures are unalloyed, and however great might have been the satisfaction he felt at the notice taken of

Emily, yet there was but little in the reported attentions of Henri St. Brie, who was staying at the chateau.

Henri was by nature formed for woman's admiration. He was of that manly dashing cast which so often takes the heart by storm, ere reason has time to bring its tardy succours, and show that the advantages of a handsome person and fascinating manners are totally eclipsed by the blackness of a heart formed in total contrast to the rest. He had been but a few days at the chateau before Louise was marked as the victim of his seductive arts. He foresaw that her simple and confiding disposition would render the acquirement of her affections an easy task; but with all her simplicity, she entertained such high notions of honour, as to make his success rather doubtful; but still he thought that one who had seen but the fairest side of life, could but ill combat against the wiles of one versed in all its deadliest ways.

He sought every opportunity of being in her company, and by a thousand assiduous attentions won his way, imperceptibly, in her affections. He pretended his passion was of that fervent kind which drove every object but respect from his imagination; and vowed, could he but gain her reluctant consent, to make her the future Marchioness of St. Brie. There was but one thing he stipulated; and that was, for the marriage to be performed in private, since he feared his father's anger, unless he could, by degrees, break the circumstance to him. There was so much plausibility in this, that she could not believe he spoke other than the language of truth. The cloven foot had in no one instance as yet shown itself, and she felt convinced his affections were as pure, and as fervent, as her own. She yielded her consent to a private marriage.

Henri protested she had made him the happiest of men, by her consent; but still there was one thing more, the marriage could not be performed with that secrecy which was so necessary, elsewhere than in Paris. Would she go there? To this she demurred that the absence from her father, without any reasonable excuse, would be the cause of so much anguish to him, that she would not for the world he should feel; but even this scruple was overcome by the promise of Henri, that on their return her father should be informed of all that had taken place, when the few hours of uneasiness would be more than compensated by the pleasure he would receive on hearing of her happy marriage.

Paris, with all its charms, had less attraction for Louise than her simple home on the Garonne's banks. She lived in the most studied seclusion; passing her melancholy hours in thinking of her father, and what must be his feelings concerning her long-continued absence. She felt she had made but a poor return for all the care and solici-

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tude bestowed upon her. Henri, it was true, had been unremitting in his attentions, and his love appeared still as fervent as ever; but he always evaded the conversation when she pressed him concerning their marriage, and she found herself in a fair way to be a mother, ere she was a wife.

"Henri," said she, one day, "will you fix the day for our marriage? When you consider my situation, your delay is cruel in the extreme."

"Yes, yes, dearest, next week. By-the-bye, has Madame Girau sent home the beautiful shawl I ordered for you?"

"Some time ago; but I have not looked at it; I have been thinking of something else."

"Of what, dearest?"

"Of the time when you mean to fulfil your promise."

"Just look out of the window, dearest, and tell me what you think of the horse I purchased yesterday?"

"Oh, Henri! if you love me, I beseech you name the day; I have been unhappy, very unhappy."

"Now you are beginning to tease me again."

"Nay, do not say I tease you; I ask you but to keep your faith with me."

"Really, you are more pertinacious than ever; but I cannot stop now, I have an appointment with—"

"Henri, answer me! Am I to be your wife or not?"

"My wife! why are you not my wife as firmly as you can be such? What are the cold formalities of the world that would give you the right of being called my wife? Would they bring affection? No; they would rather bring abhorrence and disgust. As Louise Marcel, you will ever be to me the dearest object of my heart; but as my wife I could not love you, and will not do that which would make me hate you for ever."

Louise was almost motionless with surprise; it was so different from all he had ever said. These then were his true feelings.

"I thank you, sir," she at length replied, "at least for your frankness. I will be equally so; and since I am not to be the wife, I will not submit to the dishonour of remaining another day as the mistress of Monsieur de St. Brie. We part, sir, this instant, for ever."

"Stay, Louise, where are you going?" but ere he had time to stop her, she descended the stairs, and reaching the street, contrived to evade his pursuit.

"Psha!" he exclaimed, what a fool the girl is; but she'll soon come to her senses, so I'll leave her to herself."

Marcel would not at first give any credence to the report that his daughter had gone with Henri St. Brie. No, no; he was convinced some accident had happened which prevented

her return. She was too amiable—too good to listen to such a villain. Bad even as St. Brie was, he would not rob him of such a daughter, the only hope of his declining years. Could he have the heart to dishonour one so beautiful, so fair? No, no; it was not in human nature to be so black. But months rolled on, and his dear Louise came not; every search and every endeavour to obtain tidings of her had proved fruitless; but amidst all his complaints he never uttered one word of reproach against her. He became altogether an altered man; neglectful of everything, avoiding the society of his former friends and associates, and scarcely ever going beyond the limits of his own dwelling. It was a cold and bitter morning, in the middle of an unusually severe winter, that he went, more by the force of habit than otherwise, to look after the inmates of his stable. He had his hand upon the stable door, and was entering, when he thought he heard a low moan; he turned round to look from whence it proceeded, and a few steps before him saw a woman lying on the ground, partly covered by the falling snow.

"Poor creature," said he, "hast thou lain here during this bitter night; hadst thou been my worst enemy I could not have refused you shelter. Here, let me lift you in my arms, and carry you into the house. Eh! what do I see! Merciful heavens! it is my poor Louise. She is dying fast, and there is no help at hand. Oh! speak to me, Louise! for heaven's sake, speak! Not a look! not a word!"

The distracted father carried her into the house, and by the aid of some warm cordials brought her to herself; it was but to hear the recital of her sufferings, and her prayers for forgiveness. She had arrived at her father's house on the preceding evening, but had not dared to enter, and overcome by fatigue and cold, she had fallen where he found her. Her delicate frame was unable to withstand the shock she had sustained, and after lingering a few days, closed her eyes for ever on the world, happy in the assurance of her father's true forgiveness.

Marcel had attended his daughter day and night, indulging to the last in the vain hope of her recovery; and even when life was no more, watched her cold corpse with the utmost anxiety, to see if it were not death's semblance. But when the last worldly offices were performed, and he found that he was then alone in the world, for weeks he shut himself up in the chamber where she died, refusing to see or speak with any one.

It was some months after the death of Louise that I was sitting in the Tuileries' Gardens, watching the crowd of loungers passing to and fro along the principal avenue; amongst those who seemed to attract most attention was Henri St. Brie, upon whose

arm was leaning a lady of most exquisite beauty, whom I could not fail to recognise as his wife, to whom he had been married only a few days. He appeared to be relating something which seemed the source of much amusement to both, when suddenly the smile forsook his face, his countenance assumed an air of confusion, and he seemed striving to avoid the sight of something which flashed across him. I turned in the direction in which he had been looking, and perceiving nothing but a poor haggard and emaciated-looking man, whose dress bespoke him a native of one of the distant provinces, leaning against one of the trees. His gaze seemed fixed on St. Brie; but though there was a wildness in his look, I could not at the moment divine why St. Brie seemed so agitated by it.

In a short time the man moved away, and I had forgotten the circumstance, when my attention was attracted to another part of the garden, by a confused noise and gathered crowd. I hastened towards the spot, and perceived St. Brie lying on the ground, covered with blood, and near him stood the man I had before remarked; he had been seized by the bystanders, one of whom had wrenched from his hand a bloody knife. He appeared the most unmoved of all around, gazing with pleasure on the dying agonies of his victim. St. Brie was raised from the ground, but it was clear that a few moments were all that remained to him of life.

"Marcel," faltered out the dying man, "you have indeed avenged your daughter's wrongs. 'Tis true I deeply wronged her, but this—"

The throes of death prevented the completion of the sentence; but ere life was quite extinct, the loud mad laugh of the man rung in his ears.

"Ah! ah! ah! I have avenged her! Look! look! he sleeps now with my poor Louise. No, no, 'tis false: for she's in heaven,—and he—he has gone to join his master."

It would have been a mockery of justice to have tried Marcel for the murder, for it was clear the light of reason had for ever been shut out from him. In his confinement his incoherent ravings were ever of his daughter, whom he fancied near him, but was prevented by the attendants from seeing, and were only ended by death removing him from all his worldly sufferings.

ELECTRICITY.

(From the French.)

M. FAYOL, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the seminary of Sulpicians, at St. Andeol, Vivarais, was in the habit of making electrical experiments with a glass tube, four feet long, filled with iron filings, the extra-

mity of which was armed with a small wire of the same metal, implanted in the cork that stopped its aperture. About nine o'clock, one evening in June, 1754, whilst he was rubbing and electrifying the tube, a seminarist who resided in the chamber above him, chanced, at the same time, to water a box of sweet basil that stood on his window. As soon as he sprinkled the water on the box, it appeared to him covered all over with little sparks of fire, which appearance lasted until the earth had imbibed the water; but whenever the water was sprinkled, the sparks were again seen. Struck with this phenomenon, he related it the next day to Father Conrat, who, having been present the evening before, whilst the professor was rubbing the tube, suspected that this phenomenon was the effect of electricity; but the professor could not conceive how there could be a communication between his tube and the box of basil, which was near eight feet distant from it. The professor, however, repeated the experiment, having been earnestly requested by the friar, who repaired to the seminarist's chamber to water the basil; the event was exactly as he had conjectured, the sparks of fire having appeared again. Soon after, the professor, willing to be assured himself of the phenomenon, went up to the seminarist's chamber, whilst Father Conrat was employed in rubbing the tube in his; and, as soon as he watered the box, the sparks of fire appeared on the basil; the only difference was, that those sparks were not so brilliant as when he rubbed the tube himself, the friar not having been so dextrous in producing a strong electricity: the next day the whole seminary was witness of the same phenomenon. By examining a little into these circumstances, the following appears to have been the cause of the phenomenon. The glass tube being filled with iron filings, the greatest part of the electricity which passed in could issue out, and dart in tufts through the extremity of the iron wire that passed through the cork. Besides electricity issuing out by tufts, communicates itself to great distances; it might therefore reach the ceiling and the wall; and when the box of basil was being watered, the water running on all sides, and wetting the stones underneath, and perhaps the floor, the moisture, by that means, became a kind of conductor, which, perhaps, transmitted to the basil a part of the weak electricity which the ceiling or wall received; the electricity being therein retained by the dry stone of the environs.

W. G. C.

The way to cure our prejudices is this, that every man should let alone those that he complains of in others, and examine his own.—Locke.



BUNYAN'S BIRTH-PLACE AT ELSTOW, NEAR BEDFORD.

ELSTOW is not more remarkable for anything than for being the birth-place of one of the most celebrated characters that this country ever produced, John Bunyan, who was born here in the year 1628. His descent, as himself expresses it, "was of a low and inconsiderable generation, his father being an itinerant tinker, and his mother of the like rank: they gave him the best education in their power, which was reading and writing, of which he afterwards made an excellent use: his early years were spent in the practice of almost every vice, particularly swearing and blaspheming the name of God. He afterwards became a preacher among the dissenters, and no sooner was it known that Bunyan, the profane tinker, had commenced preacher, than he was attended by many hundreds, and from distant parts. While thus engaged, he was apprehended for non-conformity, and thrown into prison; he was tried at Bedford quarter sessions, 1660. The indictment stated, that John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer, had devilishly and perniciously absented himself from church, and was a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom. Not to animadvert upon the ridiculous language of this indictment, or the intolerant bigotry that suggested such a prosecution, the facts were not legally proved, but some part of his examination was taken for a confession, and recorded; and his sentence was perpetual banishment, for persisting to preach and refusing to conform: the sentence was not executed, but he was very illegally detained twelve years and a-half in Bedford jail; during his confinement he wrote his *Pilgrim's Progress*, and other valuable tracts: part of his time was employed in preaching to his fellow-prisoners, and in making tagged laces

for the support of his family. In the course of his imprisonment his wife once applied to the judges on his behalf, but was opposed by the magistrates, who did all in their power to prejudice the judges against him. Sir Matthew Hale, who was present, appeared desirous of relieving him, if the matter had been brought judicially before him, and for this purpose advised his wife to bring a writ of error; but whether they were too poor and friendless, or too ignorant how to proceed, no steps were taken of this nature. At length Bishop Barlow and some other churchmen, from motives of compassion, interested themselves in his behalf, and procured his liberty. After this he travelled through various parts of the kingdom, and at length acquired the name of Bishop Bunyan. James II. having declared for liberty of conscience only with a view to favour popery, Bunyan's friends availed themselves of this opportunity to build a meeting-house, where he preached to large congregations, and was sometimes honoured with the attendance and approbation of the learned Dr. Owen. So popular was he at this time, that if only one day's notice was given, the meeting-house would not hold half the people that assembled. His valuable life, worn out with labour and sufferings, closed at the age of three-score, with a memorable act of Christian charity—his conduct in his own neighbourhood had procured him the character of a peace-maker, he was therefore sent to, while on a visit in London, by a young gentleman at Bedford, to mediate with his offended father, residing at Reading, in Berkshire; he succeeded; but his returning wet to the metropolis, produced a fever, which he bore with great patience and resignation; and after lying about ten days, on the 31st of August, 1688, he crossed the

mystical Jordan, following his Christian Pilgrim to the Celestial city."

In vol. xiii., p. 296, of the *Mirror*, the reader will find an engraving of *Bunyan's Drinking Vessel*: and in vol. xv. p. 121, a view of his *Vestry Chair*.

Biography.

SIR WILLIAM BEECHY, R.A.

Was born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, in the year 1753, and at the proper age was placed under an eminent conveyancer at Stow. He afterwards repaired to London, and finally made an engagement with Mr. Owen, of Took's Court. His taste was not for poring over deeds and leases; and having prevailed on Mr. Owen to allow him to leave his employ, he, in 1772, was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, where he studied the works of Sir Joshua, and soon applied himself to nature; the portrait of Dr. Strachey, the chevalier Ruspini, and Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, being among the earliest of his productions. Having attracted the notice of the Royal Family, he was appointed portrait-painter to Queen Charlotte. Sir William was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, in 1793, and a Royal Academician in 1797. He was the first member of the Royal Academy on whom the honour of knighthood was conferred, after the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds. "His superior talents as a painter," to use the words of the *Literary Gazette*, "are best evinced by the innumerable productions of his easel, in which colour the most beautiful and stable, taste the most easy and refined, execution of the highest order, and in short, everything which could rank him with the most distinguished competitors of his age, were perpetuated with his master's hand."

Sir William was as happy in his family as in his fame. His lady, as an artist, produced many delightful miniatures; his youngest daughter married Lord Grantley; and Captain Beechey, and his brother, the traveller, "have reflected back on him reputation and public honours similar to his own."

This excellent man died at Hampstead, on Monday, 24th January, 1839, aged 86.

JOHN MACPHERSON.

In the month of January, 1839, *John Macpherson*, a venerable and independent highlander, died near Kingussie, in Badenoch, at the age of 103 years. He was a poor man, but honest and industrious. Latterly some of his neighbours assisted John with small sums of money and provisions, but he received them with evident reluctance; and no consideration could induce him to solicit public charity. The only luxury in which the old man indulged, was tobacco; and it is well-

known that he sometimes had recourse to roots and other substitutes, when his money and his tobacco failed, rather than ask a penny to purchase another supply of his favourite narcotic. This independent, noble-spirited, old clansman, had witnessed many changes among his native mountains, from the time that the feudal system was in full vigour, till the introduction of agricultural improvement, and commercial enterprise. He had seen the *gascrome*, or crooked spade of the Highlanders, superseded by the plough—sheep-farming introduced—roads and bridges constructed in place of the old fords and bridle-tracts—the mail-coach daily driving through scenes that in his youth only echoed to the hunter and the wild deer—and even steam-boats sailing where grew broom and heather, in the Great Glen of Albyn, now the line of the Caledonian Canal.

A POPULAR VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL.

What is the use of Natural History? This every-day question seldom receives such an answer as will satisfy the querist of the use of this popular study. Naturalists generally reply by insisting upon its utility in informing us of the specific differences, habits, and qualities of the objects of nature,—in reminding us of the existence of an omnipotent and bountiful Creator; in enticing us into the fresh air of the woods and fields; and in diverting our attention from such other pursuits as are pernicious to the mind and body. These are certainly true attributes of Natural History; but they do not comprise those peculiar uses of which the querist desires to be informed. The question is one which, I think, is entitled to a fair answer, and which I propose to give it, by adducing several instances of the loss of life and property which have ensued from an ignorance of this subject, and the benefits which have arisen to those who have possessed an acquaintance with it.

Agriculturalists, horticulturalists, gardeners, and all others who are interested in the earth's productions, ought surely to possess some knowledge of their Natural History. It has been justly observed, by Professor Burnett, that "the scientific culture of plants is founded on a knowledge of their structure and functions; and vast have been the improvements in both horticulture and agriculture, empirical practice having, in some measure, been superseded by scientific principles. The system of assolements, or the rotation of crops, by which the produce of our land has been quadrupled, and the acclimation of plants by hybridization, or engrafting, by which means the fruits and flowers of more southern regions are reconciled to our

climate, are a few among the many examples which might be given of the benefits conferred by botany upon some of the most useful arts." The observation that a vine shoot more vigorously after a goat had browsed on it, is said to have suggested the valuable art of pruning fruit trees; and it is thought that the occasional natural union of the boughs of distinct trees demonstrated the practicability of grafting.

During a civil war in Persia, the troops wishing to deprive the people of their chief article of food, cut down all the *male* date-trees; but the cultivators, possessing some botanical knowledge, had the foresight to collect the pollen, and preserve it in close vessels, so that when peace was restored, they were enabled, by means of this pollen, to impregnate the remaining female date-trees, which would otherwise have remained unproductive.

Matthew Aphonin, a Russian author, observes, that "as the raising of plants is facilitated by a knowledge of their native soils, those who are desirous of adorning their gardens with exotic trees, ought to be well versed in natural history, that they may be acquainted with their native country, earth, and gemmation; and learn from thence, what tree will thrive in this place, and what in that, and not see great trouble and expense terminate in disappointment." (*Aménités Académiques*, vol. 7, p. 409.) In illustration of this remark, it may be mentioned, that the Swedish gardeners, several years ago, were very anxious to cultivate the *Artemisia dracunculæ*, but not knowing that its proper and natural soil is one which is flooded in winter, many of them planted it on ground, where that event could never occur, and the consequence was that all their plants died. Before Linnæus, by studying the nature of the *Rubus arcticus*, discovered the proper mode of cultivating it, the many persons who had attempted its cultivation had done so unsuccessfully.

But "it is not only necessary to be well acquainted with the different vegetables grown or reared, for economic purposes, but to understand the cause of the injuries they are subject to; and then to devise efficient remedies for those injuries. Here also is a wide field open for improvement and discovery, and in which no information is so practically useful, as that afforded by Natural History. We are continually hearing of the failure of crops, and of attendant ruin. Now, in nine instances out of ten, these devastations have originated in the unusual abundance of some particular insect, which, from unknown causes, has appeared in great numbers. We contend not that the knowledge or ingenuity of man could foresee such evils, or could totally counteract them; but experience has shown how much may be done in many cases, both in the way of prevention, and of cure. To do this effectually, however, recourse must be

had to Natural History. The cause of the injury being ascertained, the habits of the insect must be studied in all its different stages. What will prove more or less effectual in one of these stages, will be totally useless, or will increase the evil in another. Hence arises the necessity of ascertaining names and species, without which, no effectual steps can be taken. A striking fact to show the intimate connection between *Agriculture and Natural History* is found in the circumstances which attended the supposed appearance of the Hessian fly; thus mentioned by Kirby and Spence:—"In 1788 an alarm was excited in this country by the probability of importing in cargoes of wheat from North America, the insect known by the name of the Hessian fly. The privy-council sat day after day, anxiously debating what measures should be adopted to ward off the danger of a calamity more to be dreaded, as they well knew, than the plague or the pestilence. Expresses were sent off in all directions to the officers of the customs at the different out-posts, respecting the examination of the cargoes; dispatches were written to the ambassadors in France, Austria, Prussia, and America, to gain that information, of the want of which they were now so sensible; and so important was the business deemed, that the minutes of council, and the documents collected from all quarters, fill upwards of 200 octavo pages. Fortunately, at that time, England contained one illustrious Naturalist, to whom the privy council had the wisdom to apply; and it was by Sir Joseph Banks's entomological knowledge, and through his suggestions, that they were at length enabled to form some kind of judgment on the subject. This judgment was, after all, however, very imperfect. As Sir Joseph had never seen the Hessian fly, nor was it described in any entomological work, he called for facts respecting its nature, propagation, and economy, which could be had only from America. These were obtained as speedily as possible, and consisted of numerous letters from individuals, essays from Magazines, the reports of the British minister there, &c. One would have supposed that, from these statements, many of them drawn up by farmers who had lost entire crops by the insect, which they professed to have examined in every stage, the requisite information might have been acquired. So far, however, was this from being the case, that many of the writers seemed ignorant, whether the insect was a moth, a fly, or what they termed a bug. Though from the concurrent testimony of several persons, its being a two-winged fly, seemed pretty accurately ascertained, no intelligible description was given, from which any Naturalist could infer to what genus it belonged, or whether it was a known or an unknown species. With regard to the history of its propagation and economy, the

statements were so various and contradictory, that, although he had such a mass of materials before him, Sir Joseph was unable to reach any satisfactory conclusion." (*Introduction to Entomology*, i. 51.) Nothing can more incontrovertibly demonstrate the importance of entomology as a science, than this fact. Those observations to which thousands of unscientific sufferers proved themselves incompetent, would have been readily made by one entomologist well versed in his science. He would at once have determined the order and genus of his insect; and in a twelvemonth, at furthest, he would have ascertained in what manner it made its attacks, and whether it were possible to be transmitted with grain into a foreign country. On data like these, he could have pointed out the best mode of eradicating the pest, and of preventing the extension of its ravages. It is surely not too much to expect that a gardener should be able to tell the difference between a beetle and a fly; between an insect with four wings, and one without any. Yet so little has this information been thought of among the generality of this profession, that not one in twenty has any knowledge of the subject." (*Swinson's Discourse on Nat. Hist.* p. 142.)

The importance of a knowledge of Natural History, especially entomology, to the planter, may also be strikingly shown by narrating the proceedings connected with the injuries sustained by the elm-trees in St. James's, and in Hyde Park, about seventeen years ago. These elm-trees were observed to die in consequence of their being entirely stripped of their bark; and rewards were, therefore, offered for the apprehension of the offenders. Some one made the curious remark, that the extent of the damage was confined within the reach of a soldier's bayonet, and suspicion, therefore, fell upon some recruits, several of whom were arrested, but the mischief still went on undiminished. Men were employed to sit up all night long, watching in vain for the offenders. Fresh portions of bark continued to be found every morning at the foot of the trees, and the park-keepers, after all their vigilance, could only come to the sapient conclusion, "that the bark fell off in consequence of something being put on the trunks of the trees in the daytime." At about the same time the elms in Camberwell-grove were attacked in a similarly destructive manner, and the proprietors being ignorant of the cause, ascribed the injury to the effects of gas escaped from the pipes which had just been laid down for lighting the road, and an indictment for a nuisance was therefore instituted against the gas company. That this great destruction was entirely produced by the operations of insects, was known all along to entomologists who, however, were not believed until the mischief had reached the most alarming height. Mac Leay, the celebrated entomologist,

was then consulted, and he at once showed that small beetles (*Scolytus destructor*) were quietly and incessantly burrowing beneath the bark, and causing its fall. Having given satisfactory proof of the cause of the evil, Mac Leay directed the application of a remedy, which at once stopped its further progress, removed suspicion from the poor recruits, and stopped the proceedings against the gas company.

In 1735, the caterpillars of the gamma-moth (*Plusia gamma*) were so abundant in France, that they produced a very serious and extensive destruction, for which the gardeners assigned the most ridiculous causes, some assuring Renumer, the naturalist, that they had seen an old soldier throw a spell, and others, that all the mischief was done by an ugly old witch!

The grub of the cepricorn-beetle (*Callidium violaceum*) is very destructive to fir and other kinds of timber, but is noticed only to attack such timber as has been felled and not stripped of its bark, which is an encouragement to this and many other insects. The owners of timber would, therefore, do well if they had the bark ordered to be stripped off the trees as soon as they are felled. 168

THE LIVING TALKING CANARY BIRD.

WELL! what will Lord Brougham say to this? a Canary bird uttering words as articulate as any human being can—not merely one or two, as the parrot, but a continuity of words. It is true, the little warbler was first under instruction. "Instinct," says Lord Brougham, "is acting without teaching, either from others, that is instruction, or from the animal itself, that is experience;" but here there is a seeming connexion of ideas; for, on an evening, after its daily toil, it appears to rehearse to itself any particular sound of voices it might have heard in the course of the morning; does not this seem like judgment or reasoning, which is intelligence? and again, the beauteous performer utters words to-day it did not yesterday!—The following are some of its sentences:—"Sweet pretty dear!"—"Sweet pretty dear Dicky!"—"Mary!"—"Sweet pretty little Dicky dear!" and often in the course of the day, heard to utter "Pretty Queen!"—"Sweet Pretty Queen!" and from its often articulating single words, no doubt it will soon increase its vocabulary. It also imitates the jarring of a wire, or ringing of a bell. Strange as this may appear, all we have to say is, to those of our readers who may have doubts on the subject, to witness this truly astonishing exhibition.

The bird, which may be seen at the Cosmorara, Regent-street, is three years old, and was bred by a lady, who never allowed it to be in the company of other birds.

THE NECESSITY OF UNION AMONG THE PROFESSORS OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE painter, the sculptor, or the architect, errs when he imagines that it is in his studio only he can be useful; far otherwise is the fact: for the varied discoveries of each should be brought, as it were, into one focus, that all may be fairly examined, and beneficially discussed. Shall he whose fine imagination presents before him the lightning's flash, as it glances from the mountain top, and whose ear listens, mentally, to the thunders as they roll through the vallies beneath—shall the man whose chisel can express from the shapeless marble an image which wants nothing but Promethean fire to make it a perfect being—or he whose chastened art can design the gorgeous temples of Greece and Italy, or frame "the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," be content to wrap such splendid talents, comparatively, up in a napkin? Certainly not; neither man nor any of his attributes were ever intended to be completely isolated; and though, unfortunately, *self* be the predominating feature in our natures, and a desire for our own aggrandisement, leaving far in the back ground all solicitation for that of others, be natural to us as the air by which we live, yet let the truly generous mind remember the duties which he owes to society, and reflect on this irrefutable fact—that excellence in any thing has been given only to a *few*, in order that the *many* may be benefited by their examples.

C. S.

Arts and Sciences.

THE ART OF MEZZOTINTO SCRAPING.

To Prince Rupert the invention of engraving in mezzotinto has been usually attributed; and according to the general account, it owed its origin to a very trifling accident. The Prince one morning, observing a soldier engaged in cleaning his musket from the rust, occasioned by the fall of the night dew, perceived upon examination, some resemblance of a figure corroded upon the barrel; and hence he conceived, that some method might be discovered to cover a plate all over with such a grained ground, so that by scraping away those parts which required to be white, the effect of a drawing might be produced. This hint he afterwards improved on; and assisted by Wallerant Vaillant, to whom he had communicated his thoughts upon the subject, a steel roller was constructed with sharp teeth, channelled out like a rasp, or file, which answered, in some degree, the intended purpose. Thus far our own authors inform us; but Baron Heineken, a very judicious and accurate writer upon the subject of engraving, asserts in a note, page 208 of his "Idee

Generale d'une Collection J'Estampes," published at Leipzig, 1771, that "it was not Prince Rupert who invented the art of engraving in mezzotinto, as Vertue and several other authors pretend to say, but it was Lieutenant Colonel de Siegen, an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse, who first engraved in this manner, and the print which he produced, was a portrait of the Princess Amelia Elizabeth of Hesse, engraved as early as the year 1643, and from this gentleman Prince Rupert learned the secret, and brought it into England, when he came over the second time with Charles the Second."

H. W. Dimond, Esq., F.S.A., in exhibiting some early specimens of mezzotinto engraving before the Society of Antiquaries, February 11, 1836, proved that Siegen also engraved in mezzotint a large portrait of the Queen of France, from a painting by Honthurst, also a portrait in mezzotint of Leopold, William Duke of Burgundy, thus inscribed, "Theodorus Casparus a Furstenbergh, Canonicus Capitularis Moguntiae et Spire. Colonellus, ad vivum pinxit et fecit 1656," which is two years before Rupert's.

Prince Rupert scraped a large whole plate, representing an executioner holding a sword in one hand, and a head in the other, a half-length figure from Spagnoletto, dated 1658. He engraved the head of the executioner a second time, on a smaller scale, for Mr. Evelyn's *sculptura*, who therein assures us it was given to him as a specimen of the new invented art, by Prince Rupert himself. He also engraved his own portrait, with date on a shield, 1658, and Rupert, Prince, fecit.

ON THE ANTIQUITY OF THE BAGPIPES.

(From *Danby's Ancient Scottish Melodies*.)

In Scotland, the use of the bagpipe seems to have gradually superseded that of the harp; but this process, we should think, must have taken place chiefly within the last two hundred years,—previous to which, we doubt very much whether the natives of North Britain were more distinguished for their partiality for the bagpipe than their southern neighbours. Even Shakespeare, although he talks of the "drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," and of "a Yorkshire bagpiper," has nowhere associated that instrument with the Scots; and when we go back several centuries anterior to this, we find it used in both countries by the same class of persons. Chancer's miller played upon it,—

"A bagpipe well couthe he blowe and sorne;"

and "Will Swan," "the meikle miller man," in our "Pebbis to the Pay," calls for it to assist in the festivities of the day,—

"Giff I sall daunce, have done, lat so
Blaw up the baggypp than."

Indeed, although we are justly proud of our ancient proficiency on the harp, and adhere unhesitatingly to our claims to supremacy on that head, we are much disposed, upon a candid consideration of the facts, to resign to the English the palm of superiority in this less refined description of music, about the time to which we refer. The pipers who are mentioned in the lord high treasurer's accounts seem almost uniformly to have been natives of England. Thus, 10th of July, 1489, there is a payment of eight pounds eight shillings "to *Inglis pyperis* that com to the castel yet and playit to the king." Again, in 1505, there is another payment to "the Inglis pipar with the drone." It should be added, that, while the "bagpipar," formed part of the musical establishment of the English sovereigns and noblemen, during the sixteenth century, we find no such musician retained at the Scottish court. Our monarchs had probably not much relish for this sort of pipe-music, and although the result of our investigation of the word "chorus," has had the effect of clearly convicting our first James of being a performer upon that most unprincipled instrument, (for which, the only precedent we can find in history is that of the Emperor Nero,) we should remember that he had most probably acquired that, as well as his other accomplishments, in England, where he received the rest of his education. We do not conceive upon the whole, that the bagpipe has ever been a very popular instrument in Scotland, except in the Highland districts; and we may state this with some confidence, as to one part of the country,—a royal burgh, which we have already had occasion to name, and where the magistrates actually prohibited the common piper from going his rounds, in terms by no means complimentary of the instrument. Our readers will be the less surprised at the superior refinement here exhibited, when they are informed that these were the "musical magistrates" of the city of Aberdeen, whose praises have been so loudly trumpeted by Forbes, the publisher of the "*Cantus*," in his dedication of that work. "26th of May, 1630. The magistrates discharge the common piper of all going through the town at nycht, or in the morning, in tyme coming, with his pype,—it being an incivill forme to be usit within sic a famous burgh, and being often fund fault with, als weil be sundrie nightbouris of the town as be strangeris."

CANADA IN 1838.

BY EARL DURHAM.

[UNDER the above title, we intend presenting our readers with extracts from the recent highly interesting Report of Earl Durham on the State of Canada, most carefully rejecting such parts as may have the least political ten-

dency—introducing only those portions which depicture the habits, manners, and customs of the Canadians, at the present eventful period.]

The want, and the influence, of Education.

It is impossible to exaggerate the want of education among the habitants; no means of instruction have ever been provided for them, and they are almost universally destitute of the qualifications even of reading and writing. It came to my knowledge, that out of a great number of boys and girls assembled at the school-house door of St. Thomas, all but three admitted, on inquiry, that they could not read. Yet the children of this large parish attend school regularly, and actually make use of books. They hold the catechism book in their hand, as if they were reading, while they only repeat its contents, which they know by rote. The common assertion, however, that all classes of the Canadians are equally ignorant, is perfectly erroneous; for I know of no people among whom a larger provision exists for the higher kinds of elementary education, or among whom such education is really extended to a larger proportion of the population. The piety and benevolence of the early possessors of the country founded, in the seminaries that exist in different parts of the province, institutions, of which the funds and activity have long been directed to the promotion of education. Seminaries and colleges have been by these bodies established in the cities and in other central points. The education given in these establishments greatly resembles the kind given in the English public schools, though it is rather more varied. It is entirely in the hands of the Catholic clergy. The number of pupils in these establishments is estimated altogether at about 1,000; and they turn out every year, as far as I could ascertain, between 200 and 300 young men thus educated. Almost all these are members of the family of some habitant, whom the possession of greater quickness than his brothers has induced the father or the curate of the parish to select and send to the seminary. These young men, possessing a degree of information immeasurably superior to that of their families, are naturally averse to what they regard as descending to the humble occupations of their parents. A few become priests; but, as the military and naval professions are closed against the colonist, the greater part can only find a position suited to their notions of their own qualifications in the learned professions of advocate, notary, and surgeon. As from this cause these professions are greatly overstocked, we find every village in Lower Canada filled with notaries and surgeons, with little practice to occupy their attention, and living among their own families, or at any rate among exactly the same class. Thus the persons of most edu-

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education in every village belong to the same families, and the same original station in life, as the illiterate habitants whom I have described. They are connected with them by all the associations of early youth and the ties of blood. The most perfect equality always marks their intercourse, and the superior in education is separated by no barrier of manners, or pride, or distinct interests, from the singularly ignorant peasantry by which he is surrounded. He combines, therefore, the influence of superior knowledge and social equality, and wields a power over the mass, which I do not believe that the educated class of any other portion of the world possess.

No common education has served to remove and soften the differences of origin and language. The associations of youth, the sports of childhood, and the studies by which the character of manhood is modified, are distinct and totally different. In Montreal and Quebec there are English schools and French schools; the children in these are accustomed to fight nation against nation, and the quarrels that arise among boys in the streets usually exhibit a division into English on one side, and French on the other.

As they are taught apart, so are their studies different. The literature with which each is the most conversant is that of the peculiar language of each; and all the ideas which men derive from books come to each of them from perfectly different sources. The difference of language, in this respect, produces effects quite apart from those which it has on the mere intercourse of the two races.

State of Literature.

Those who have reflected on the powerful influence of language on thought, will perceive in how different a manner people who speak in different languages are apt to think; and those who are familiar with the literature of France know that the same opinion will be expressed by an English and French writer of the present day, not merely in different words, but in a style so different, as to mark utterly different habits of thought. This difference is very striking in Lower Canada; it exists not merely in the books of most influence and repute, which are of course those of the great writers of France and England, and by which the minds of the respective races are formed, but it is observable in the writings which now issue from the colonial press. The articles in the newspapers of each race are written in a style as widely different as those of France and England at present, and the arguments which convince the one are calculated to appear utterly unintelligible to the other.

On the Religion.

Religion forms no bond of intercourse and union. It is, indeed, an admirable feature of Canadian society, that it is entirely devoid of any religious dissensions. Sectarian intoler-

ance is not merely not avowed, but it hardly seems to influence men's feelings. But, though the prudence and liberality of both parties has prevented this fruitful source of animosity from embittering their quarrels the difference of religion has, in fact, tended to keep them asunder. Their priests have been distinct; they have not met even in the same church.

The jealousy, hatred, and mistrust existing between the French Canadians and the English.

The difference of language of the French and the English from the first kept them asunder. It is not anywhere a virtue of the English race to look with complacency on any manners, customs, or laws, which appear strange to them; accustomed to form a high estimate of their own superiority, they take no pains to conceal from others their contempt and intolerance of their usages. They found the French Canadians filled with an equal amount of national pride; a sensitive, but inactive pride, which disposes that people not to resent insult, but rather to keep aloof from those who would keep them under. The French could not but feel the superiority of English enterprise; they could not shut their eyes to their success in every undertaking in which they came into contact, and to the constant superiority which they were acquiring. They looked upon their rivals with alarm, with jealousy, and finally, with hatred. The English repaid them with a scorn, which soon also assumed the same form of hatred. The French complained of the arrogance and injustice of the English; the English accused the French of the vices of a weak and conquered people, and charged them with meanness and perfidy. The entire mistrust which the two races have thus learned to conceive of each other's intentions, induces them to put the worst construction on the most innocent conduct; to judge every word, every act, and every intention unfairly; to attribute the most odious designs, and reject every overture of kindness or fairness, as covering secret designs of treachery and malignity.

THE ART AND MYSTERY OF QUACK DOCTORING.

(From Dr. Ticknor's *Treatise on Medical Philosophy*.)

An empiric of the first water, not many years ago, had made himself famous for the cure of all human maladies, by the administration of peculiarly large pills of his own invention. What contributed not a little to the increase and spread of his reputation was the fact, that he used frequently to tell his patients, that, from their symptoms, he was confident some particular substances were lodged in a portion of the alimentary canal. At one time he would tell a patient that he had apple seeds retained in his bowels: and again he would tell ano-

ther, that he had kernels of different fruits, and grains in his stomach; and if by questioning gentlemen he could ascertain they were fond of shooting, it was not seldom that he attributed their complaints to having accidentally swallowed a few shot. As nothing could so conclusively prove his prognostics correct, as the simple fact of finding the articles named, so the old gentleman's character for wisdom and skill became more and more firmly established: for the identical causes of mischief were invariably discovered after taking a dose of the "big pills." At length, a lady of the first respectability, having suffered a long time from deranged digestion, applied to the celebrated doctor for assistance. After a few questions, he told her very promptly that he understood her complaint, that he knew what ailed her, and more than all that, her doctor was a fool, and assured her that his big pills would effect a cure. Neither of these assertions she exactly credited, but nevertheless, concluded to try his remedy if he would make known to her the complaint. "Why," says he, "you have got lemon seeds in you—you must take some of my big pills and get rid of them, and you'll be perfectly well again." "Why, doctor," said the lady in amazement, "I have not eaten a lemon for six years; and what you say is altogether impossible." "No matter, madam, if you have not eaten a lemon for twenty years, the fact is just as I tell you, and if you will take the pills you can be satisfied of it." The pills were taken, and to the utter astonishment of the patient, the lemon seeds were found; a second dose was taken, and still more seeds made their appearance. A thought now flashed upon the lady's mind. One pill was yet left, which she examined, and behold! a lemon seed in its centre—the secret, truly, of the doctor's astonishing wisdom, and successful practice.

The Gatherer.

How wrong is man when discontented with his station! His will be done who best knows what is for our good! What are we that we should murmur at his dispensations, or expect exemption from participating in any of those miseries, with which, for some wise purpose, he has thought proper to invest the paths of mankind?

How sweet in the hour of trouble is the influence of religion! The man whose trust is in his God may view, without concern, the dark tide of adversity rolling around him, and like the steel-nerved genius of the storm, dash aside its spray with coolness and disdain.

Fine are the feelings with which we kneel down to prayer, hoping that past errors are forgiven, and that grace may be granted for future amendment of life.

Confirmation.—It was a beautiful sight to see the females arrayed in white, going, like angels of purity, to rank themselves for ever and ever under the banners of that being whose name shall last with eternity. I knelt down at the altar with feelings of stifling emotion; I knew that I had been, in a great degree, the child of error—I felt that day still continued to glide on after day, leaving on me an accumulation of crime, but still all was not darkness within me, and when the bishop pronounced that beautiful prayer, beseeching the Lord that we might continue his for ever and ever, and be defended by his heavenly grace, I wept—but it was not the tear of sorrow that mantled in my eye, oh, no! it proceeded from a sensation too refined, too unutterable, for description! C. S.

The following curious advertisement appeared, a short time since, in the *Pottery Gazette*:—"James Scott, whitesmith, gardener, fishmonger, schoolmaster, and watchman; teeth drawn occasionally; shoemaker, chapel clerk, crier of the town, running footman, groom, and organ-blower; keeper of the town-hall, letter-carrier, brewer, winder of the clock, toller of the eight o'clock bell, waiter, and bill-poster; fire-bucket maker to the Protector Fire-office, street-springer, assistant to a Staffordshire potter, fire-lighter to the dancing-master, sheriff's officer's deputy, ringer of the market bell, toll-taker to the bailiff of the hundred, and keeper and deliverer of the fair standings, returns his most grateful acknowledgments to the inhabitants of Stoke and its vicinity, for the many favours already received, and begs to assure them that it shall be his constant study to merit their patronage." W. G. C.

Curious inscription, in old French, over one of the doors of the eastern cloister at Canterbury:—

On tu passe, i say passe;
Et par on jay passe, tu passeras.
Au monde comme toi jay este
Et mort comme moi tu seras.

The foregoing is thus Englished at the upper end of the same cloister:—

Where now thou passest I have often passed;
And where I have once, thou must also pass.
Now thou art in the world, and so was I;
But yet, as I have done, so thou must die.

Curious instance of consecutive Latin cases:—

Mors, mortis, morti mortem, nisi morte dedisset,
Æterna vite janua clausa foret.

A November's sun looks like the smile of a person in affliction. C. S.

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